A

PINDARIC POEM

TO THE

Reverend Doctor Burnet,

ON THE

Honour he did me of Enquiring after me and my MUSE.

By Mrs. *A. BEHN.*

LONDON,

Printed for *R. Bentley*, and are to be sold by *Richard Baldwin* in the *Old Baily*. 1689.

A

PINDARIC
POEM

TO THE

Reverend Doctor Burnet,

ON THE

Honour he did me of Inquiring after
me and my MUSE.

By Mrs. A. BEHN

LONDON,

Printed for R. Bentley, and are to be sold by Richard Baldwin in the Old Bailey, 1689.

A PINDARIC POEM.

(1)

WHEN Old *Rome's* Candidates aspir'd to Fame,
And did the Peoples Suffrages obtain
For some great Consul, or a *Cæsar's* Name;
The Victor was not half so Pleas'd and Vain
As I, when given the Honour of your Choice,
And Preference had in that one single Voice;
That Voice, from whence Immortal Wit still flows;
Wit that at once is Solemn all and Sweet,
Where Noblest Eloquence and Judgment shows

The Inſpiring Mind Illuſtrious, Rich, and Great;
A Mind that can inform your wond'rous Pen
In all that's Perfect and Sublime:
And with an Art beyond the Wit of Men,
On what e're Theam, on what e're great Deſign,
It carries a Commanding Force, like that of Writ Divine.

(2)

With Pow'rful Reaſoning dreſt in fineſt Sence,
A thouſand ways my Soul you can Invade,
And ſpight of my Opinions weak Defence,
Againſt my Will, you Conquer and Perſwade.
Your Language ſoft as Love, betrays the Heart,
And at each Period fixes a Reſiſtleſs Dart,
While the fond Liſtner, like a Maid undone,
Inſpir'd with Tenderneſs ſhe fears to own;
In vain eſſays her Freedom to Regain:
The fine Ideas in her Soul remain,
And Pleaſe, and Charm, even while they Grieve and Pain

(3)

But yet how well this Praiſe can Recompenſe
For all the welcome Wounds (before) you'd given!

Scarce anything but You and Heaven
Such Grateful Bounties can dispense,
As that Eternity of Life can give;
So fam'd by you my Verse Eternally shall live:
Till now, my careless Muse no higher strove
T'inlarge her Glory, and extend her Wings;
Than underneath *Parnassus* Grove,
To Sing of Shepherds, and their humble Love;
But never durst, like *Cowly*, tune her Strings,
To sing of Heroes and of Kings.
But since by an Authority Divine,
She is allow'd a more exalted Thought;
She will be valu'd now as Currant Coyn,
Whose Stamp alone gives it the Estimate,
Tho' out of an inferiour Metal wrought.

(4)

But oh! if from your Praise I feel
A Joy that has no Parallel!
What must I suffer when I cannot pay
Your Goodness, your own generous way?
And make my stubborn Muse your Just Commands obey.

My Muſe that would endeavour fain to glide
With the fair proſperous Gale, and the full driving Tide
But Loyalty Commands with Pious Force,
That ſtops me in the thriving Courſe,
The Brieze that wafts the Crowding Nations o're,
Leaves me unpity'd far behind
On the Forſaken Barren Shore,
To Sigh with Echo, and the Murmuring Winds;
While all the Inviting Proſpect I ſurvey,
With Melancholy Eyes I view the Plains,
Where all I ſee is Raviſhing and Gay,
And all I hear is Mirth in loudeſt Strains;
Thus while the Choſen Seed poſſeſs the Promis'd Land,
I like the Excluded Prophet ſtand,
The Fruitful Happy Soil can only ſee,
But am forbid by Fates Decree
To ſhare the Triumph of the joyful Victory.

(5)

'Tis to your Pen, Great Sir, the Nation owes
For all the Good this Mighty Change has wrought;
'Twas that the wondrous Method did diſpoſe,

E're

E're the vast Work was to Perfection brought.
Oh Strange effect of a Seraphick Quill!
That can by unperceptable degrees
Change every Notion, every Principle
To any Form, its Great Dictator pleaſe:
The Sword a Feeble Pow'r, compar'd to That,
And to the Nobler Pen ſubordinate;
And of leſs uſe in *Braveſt* turns of State:
While that to Blood and Slaughter has recourſe,
This Conquers Hearts with ſoft prevailing Force:
So when the wiſer *Greeks* o'recame their Foes,
It was not by the Barbarous Force of Blows.
When a long Ten Years Fatal VVar had fail'd,
VVith luckier Wiſdom they at laſt aſſail'd,
VViſdom and Counſel which alone prevail'd.
Not all their Numbers the Fam'd Town could win,
'Twas Nobler Stratagem that let the Conquerour in.

(6)

Tho' I the VVond'rous Change deplore,
That makes me Uſeleſs and Forlorn,
Yet I the great Deſign adore,
Tho' Ruin'd in the Univerſal Turn.

Nor

Nor can my Indigence and Loſt Repoſe,
Thoſe Meager Furies that ſurround me cloſe,
Convert my Senſe and Reaſon more,
To this Unpreſidented Enterpriſe,
Than that a Man ſo Great, ſo Learn'd, ſo Wiſe,
The Brave Atchievement Owns and nobly Juſtifies.
'Tis you, Great Sir, alone, by Heaven preſerv'd,
Whoſe Conduct has ſo well the Nation ſerv'd,
'Tis you that to Poſterity ſhall give
This Ages Wonders, and its Hiſtory.
And Great *NASSAU* ſhall in your Annals live
To all Futurity:
Your Pen ſhall more Immortalize his Name,
Than even his Own Renown'd and Celebrated Fame.

FINIS.